

## **For the record, I had made plans to woo you by Jancys-Blue-Bayou**

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**Summary:** Jonathan's plans for Valentine's Day is spoiled by an accident, so Nancy surprises him instead.

## **For the record, I had made plans to woo you**

**A/N:** For the finale of Jancy Fanfic Week: Valentine's Day!

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"Hi Nancy, it's Joyce."

"Hey! How are you?" She greets happily, but slightly confused as to why her boyfriend's mother is calling her on Valentine's Day rather than the boyfriend in question.

"Oh, very well, thank you. But unfortunately Jonathan will have to cancel your date tonight he-"

Joyce is interrupted by a voice in the background. She can hear Jonathan call out "let me talk to her" and the two of them arguing a bit back and forth, Joyce for some reason insisting that he should stay seated. Her confusion grows. She then hears several heavy thuds, more of a whispered argument and then some shuffling as the phone receiver changes hands.

"Hey," he says.

"Hi, uh... what's going on?"

"Well um... I sort of hurt my foot a little bit."

"What?" She asks, she can hear Joyce in the background calling out that he broke it. He shushes his mom before explaining.

"Okay, kind of broke it."

"What happened?!"

"I slipped on the ice this morning and it sort of got caught under me and I landed really weird, like on it, somehow. We just got back from the emergency room."

"Oh my god!"

"It's not a big deal! Listen we could still go out tonight I just have to-"

He stops himself again for another argumentation with his mom, she can hear Joyce talking about keeping it elevated and Jonathan arguing that it's not that important.

"Hey, Jonathan," she calls to get his attention again.

"Yeah?"

"Listen to your mom, she's right. We'll go out to dinner some other time, it's not a big deal, just a silly commercial holiday, okay?"

"But it's-"

"It's fine, don't worry about it. Feel better, see you soon," she says, already formulating a plan in her head. "Love you, bye," she finishes.

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"Nancy?" Joyce looks surprised when she opens the door.

"Hi," she smiles as Joyce steps aside to let her in.

Jonathan's laying on the couch and looks even more surprised and immediately starts to shift. He got his foot in a cast up on the coffee table and Will is crouched by it, drawing on the cast. He whines when Jonathan starts to try and move.

"No, don't get up!" She calls out.

"What are you doing here?" He asks.

"Well, you can't go out on that foot, so I came here," she explains while she walks over to him. "Nice," she nods to Will, who's drawn Ziggy Stardust on Jonathan's broken foot. Will grins.

"Oh how nice!" Joyce says and Jonathan's lips turn upwards.

"And I brought some stuff," she continues, shrugging of the backpack that's slung over her shoulder.

"What did you bring?" Jonathan asks.

"Some chocolates in a ridiculous box," she starts, pulling out the

heart-shaped box she picked up. "And a couple of movies," she continues digging, "some more assorted candy," she pulls out some Twizzlers, his favorite, "... and *Clue*," she finishes, taking out the board game.

"Great," he smiles.

"Oh and I was going to get you flowers too, but the florist on Main Street looked at me with pity so I got out of there. I was going to take my business elsewhere but then I realized there's only one florist in town."

Jonathan chuckles.

"*Gone With the Wind*, *Casablanca*, *Breakfast at Tiffany's*, *An Officer and a Gentleman*?" Will grimaces at the movies she rented.

"Yes, and Jonathan gets to pick!" She gleefully lets him know.

"Lucky you," Will deadpans at his brother. "Mom can you drive me over to Mike's now?" He then asks.

"Yeah sure honey. Have fun you too, I'm seeing Hop later so I won't bother you! Bye!"

Joyce and Will leave and they're alone.

"Does it hurt?" She asks, looking over his foot.

"No, they gave me some painkillers."

"Good, I figured. I was gonna bring vodka but you shouldn't mix those, right?"

"Right."

She crouches down. Will left his stuff on the table so she takes a pen and draws some roses on another part of the cast. "There, got you flowers," she smiles.

"Thanks," he smirks. "I'm sorry about dinner, I wanted to-"

"It's fine. Really. I don't need a fancy dinner, just you," she says before kissing him. "Okay?"

"Okay. But just for the record, I had made plans to woo you."

"Oh yeah?" She smirks, sitting down next to him. "Tell me about them."

"Flowers, chocolates, the whole works. And I was thinking that new Italian place for dinner. Oh, and I made the mushiest tape, for you," he says and pulls out a mix tape from his shirt pocket and hands it to her.

She smiles as she reads the playlist.

*The Beach Boys – Wouldn't It Be Nice*

*The Turtles – Happy Together*

*Modern English – I Melt With You*

*New Order – Temptation*

*Depeche Mode – Just Can't Get Enough*

*The Bee Gees – How Deep Is Your Love?*

*The Beatles - Something*

*Simon & Garfunkel – For Emily, Whenever I May Find Her*

*The Doors – Light My Fire*

*Ben E. King – Stand By Me*

*Roy Orbison – Blue Bayou*

*Billie Holiday – You Better Go Now*

"My oh my Byers, you'd woo any girl with that plan, I can tell you," she teases. "Luckily you'd already wooed me," she smirks.

"Yeah, lucky indeed," he answers and kisses her.

"This really is very sweet," she says, gesturing with the tape in her hand. "The Bee Gees?" She questions, amused. It's so far from his usual tastes.

"It pained me, but yes," he says.

"And not a single punk song or song about someone wanting to die!" She further notes.

"I know, it took a lot of effort," he jokes.

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"Okay, I say it was Mrs. Peacock, in the Billiard Room, with the Candlestick," she says before checking the envelope. "Yes!" She calls out when she learns that she was correct.

"You win again," Jonathan grumbles.

"3-0!" She says with glee, quite pleased with herself. She likes to win.

"I give up," Jonathan sighs.

"Aw, well-played anyway," she says and sticks out her hand. He rolls his eyes and gives it a shake.

"You're way to good at this game."

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"Do you know all the lines?" She asks halfway through *Gone With the Wind*, sitting up a bit from where she'd been snuggled into his chest.

"What?"

"You've been mouthing along."

"No I haven't."

"Yes you have."

"No I haven't!"

"Yes you have, it's really cute."

"I wasn't mouthing along!"

"Don't worry, I won't tell Will. I think."

He looks to be about to protest again so she silences him with a kiss, that always works.

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When she gets up to get *Gone With the Wind* out of the VCR and put *Breakfast at Tiffany's* in, he starts to prepare himself to stand up too.

"No no, sit, sit. What do you need? I told you, I'll get it, just sit."

"I have to pee, Nance."

"Oh. Well let me help you to the bathroom," she says and takes his left arm over her shoulders and supports him as he hobbles forward on one leg.

She helps him all the way inside.

"Thanks, I think I got it from here," he says but she starts to unzip him. "Nance, I didn't break my hands..."

"What? Not like I haven't taken your pants off before," She smirks.

"You're not watching me pee," he says firmly.

"Right, we're not there yet," she says and walks out, closing the door behind her.

As soon as she hears him flush she walks in again.

"Jesus Christ, Nancy," he sighs.

"What?" She smirks again before helping him back to the couch.

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Thirty minutes into *Breakfast at Tiffany's* and they have definitely lost focus on the movie. It started innocently enough, Nancy simply resettled her position, curling up even closer to him and letting out a content sigh. He in turn pressed a kiss to the top of her head. Then

she tilted her head up so he kissed her on the lips. After that they were gone, really. It's just very hard *not* to kiss Nancy's lips. They're just so soft and inviting and perfect. And then her tongue was in his mouth. That's when things escalated. Now his hands are under her shirt, cupping her breasts. He loves the way her breath hitches when he runs a thumb over the nipple. And her hand is inside his boxers, stroking him. She briefly releases her grip on his cock only to unzip him again and liberate him from the suddenly very constricting denim. She manages to jiggle his jeans down slightly and then pulls his dick out through the hole in the front of the boxers. She takes him in her hand again and starts to jerk him off. He's rock hard within seconds, she knows just how to get him there, and quickly. Honestly the way she bites her lip slightly and looks him in the eyes is almost enough by itself.

"Nance," he moans.

"Wait two seconds," she says, voice low and husky.

She lets go of him and jumps off the couch, darting into his room. He can hear her opening the familiar drawer in his nightstand. Her return to the couch isn't as quick. But then she suddenly stands before him again, completely nude. He's seen her naked plenty of times of course, but his eyes almost pop out of his skull. It's not often she's before him just like that, suddenly, in all her glory, in good lighting. There will never a more gorgeous sight.

"Wow," he mumbles to himself. She smirks a bit and locks eyes with him. She straddles him so one of his thighs are between hers. She rubs her pussy against his denim clad leg while putting the condom on him and he can feel how wet she is. She readjusts herself again, straddling him with one knee on either side of his hips. She grips his cock by the base, steering it inside of her as she slowly sinks down on him. All the way down.

"Fuck," she breathes out, eyes closed. He holds her steady with his hands on her hips. She leans forward, resting her elbows against the back of the couch and starts to ride him. She leans in and kisses him again and again. Her hands go in his hair, messing it up like she's taken to do sometimes for some reason he don't understand but kind of likes.



She puts her forehead against his and opens her eyes.

"Happy Valentine's Day," she murmurs as she continues riding him.

"You too," is all he can mutter back because he can't manage that many syllables right now. "I love you," he does manage to get out after a second though.

"Love... you," she breathes out.

She increases the speed, riding him quicker and quicker. He wants it to last forever, for her to always be on top of him like this, but eventually he comes inside the condom. She collapses against him and his arms go around her back, holding her close. His cock stays inside her pussy, slowly going flaccid again. She lifts her pussy up a bit so it slinks out of her. She distracts him with a kiss and removes the condom, careful not to spill on the couch, then quickly jumping off him and the couch to dispose of it and clean herself up a bit. He zips up. She returns fully dressed again a couple of minutes later and curls up to him again.

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Eventually they realize they should probably eat something at least a bit more substantial than candy. She insists that she'll take care of dinner so he doesn't have to get up, but he doesn't trust her in the kitchen. The words "fire hazard" and "your track record isn't great" are used. In the end she convinces him to remain seated while she makes some grilled cheese sandwiches. Even she can't screw up grilled cheese, she's pretty sure. He's doubtful and tries to keep an eye on her from the sofa.

"Well?" She asks after he's bitten into his sandwich.

"Fine, you can make grilled cheese," he admits.

"Told you. I'm not a complete mess in the kitchen."

"Did you turn off the-" He begins asking but before he finishes her eyes go wide and she darts into the kitchen. Seconds later she plops down on the couch again.

"Yes I did," she tries to play it off casually.

"Smooth," he laughs. She huffs and digs into her sandwich.

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The clock is well past midnight when she gets home after a wonderful evening with Jim. They are taking things slow though, as they've explained to the kids. Will is spending the night at the Wheeler's. She sees that Nancy's car is still parked outside. She doesn't mind that at all. She adores Nancy. She's smart, nice and caring, fun and she makes Jonathan happy. That's more than enough, and she's done way more than enough. She saved Will. She'll never be able to thank her enough for that. And so far as spending the night goes, she trusts both Jonathan and Nancy, they're responsible. Plus, she was young once too. It's not like separating them at night would mean they wouldn't be sexually active, she's not that naïve. She puts the key in the lock and steps inside.

She recognizes the ending of Casablanca on the tv. In the sofa both teens are asleep. Her son lying with his injured foot up on the coffee table on a pillow. Nancy draped over him, resting her head against his chest, one arm flung across him. His cheek rests against the top of her head and he's got one arm over her shoulders, holding her close. It's a sight that warms her heart.

Spotting Jonathan's camera on the table she can't resist. She picks it up without a second thought. It's not the same one she got him years ago, that one broke during that infamous week in November of 1983. And this new one was better. And it was Nancy who'd given it to him. She looks through the lens and takes a picture before setting down the camera again in the same place. She then picks up the remote and turns off the tv before retreating to her bedroom.

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Usually their routine is that he picks up Nancy for school. With his foot in a cast though they change it, she insists on coming by and picking him up even though he said his mom could drive him, he didn't want to be a bother. It's a bit of a grind getting around school on the crutches, especially up stairs. Nancy also insists on carrying his books for him.

They spend lunch hour in the darkroom, as usual since winter came and it became too cold to have lunch on his car outside away from

everyone else. The darkroom gives them the same privacy. Plus he can use the time to develop photos too. It's a bit of a challenge doing it balancing on one leg but as he'd explained to Nancy this was something he had to do himself, no matter how smart she is she doesn't know how to do this. And yes there's a learning curve. And no, it's not possible for her to have just picked everything up from watching him previously.

Towards the end of the roll he finds something surprising.

"I can't believe my mom sometimes," he mutters, looking at the newly developed photo of the two of them asleep on the couch.

"Aw, I want a copy of that," Nancy says and presses a kiss to his cheek.